

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince, Poynes, and Peto.

Poynes. Come shelter, shelter, I have remoued *Falstaffe* Horse, and he sits like a gum'd Veluet.

Prin. Stand close.

Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. *Poynes*, *Poynes*, and be hang'd *Poynes*.

Prin. Peace ye fat-kidney'd Rascall, what a brawling dost thou keepe.

Fal. What *Poynes*, *Hal*?

Prin. He is walk'd vp to the top of the hill, he go seek him.

Fal. I am accust to rob in that Theefe company: that Rascall hath remoued my Horse, and tied him I know not where. If I trauell but foure foot by the squire further a foote, I shall breake my winde. Well, I doubt not but to dye a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that Rogue, I haue forsworne his company houely any time this two and twenty yeare, & yet I am bewitcht with the Rogues company. If the Rascall haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, he behang'd; it could not be else: I haue drunke Medicines. *Poynes*, *Hal*, a Plague vpon you both: *Bardolph*, *Peto*: He sturue ere I rob a foote further. And 'twere not as good a deede as to drinke, to turne True-man, and to leaue these Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that euer chewed with a Tooth. Eight yards of vntuen ground, is threescore & ten miles afoot with me: and the stony-hearted Villaines knowe it well enough. A plague vpon't, when Theeues cannot be true one to another.

They whistle.
Whew: a plague light vpon you all, Giue my Horse you Rogues: giue me my Horse, and be hang'd.

Prin. Peace ye fat guttes, lye downe, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

Fal. Haue you any Leauers to lift me vp again being downe? He not beare mine owne flesh so far afoot again, for all the coine in thy Fathers Exchequer. What a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

Prin. Thou ly'st, thou art not colted, thou art vncoltd.

Fal. I prethee good Prince *Hal*, help me to my horse, good Kings sonne.

Prin. Out you Rogue, shall I be your Ostler?

Fal. Go hang thy selfe in thine owne heire-apparant Garters: If I be tane, he peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a Cup of Sacke be my poyson: when a iest is so forward, & a foote too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Stand.

Fal. So I do against my will.

Poy. O'tis our Setter, I know his voyce:

Bardolfe, what newes? on with your Vizards, there's mony of the Kings comming downe the hill, 'tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

Fal. You lie you rogue, 'tis going to the Kings Tauern.

Gad. There's enough to make vs all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

Prin. You foure shall front them in the narrow Lane: Ned and I will walke lowers; if they scape from your counter, then they light on vs.

Peto. But how many be of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Will they not rob vs?

Prin. What, a Coward Sir *John Paunch*?

Fal. Indeed I am not *John* of Gaunt your Grandfather, but yet no Coward, *Hal*.

Prin. Wee'll leaue that to the prooffe.

Poy. Sirra Iacke, thy horse stands behinde the hedge, when thou need'st him, there thou shalt finde him. Face well, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

Prin. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poy. Heere hard by: Stand close.

Fal. Now my Masters, happy man be his dole, say I:

euery man to his businesse.

Enter Trauellers.

Tra. Come Neighbors: the boy shall leade our Horses downe the hill: Wee'll walke a-foot a while, and ease our Legges.

Theeues. Stay.

Tra. Iesu bleffe vs.

Fal. Strike down with them, cut the villaine throate, a whorson Caterpillars: Bacon-fed Knaues, they hate vs youth; downe with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are vndone, both we and ours for euer.

Fal. Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are you vndone? No ye Fat Chuffes, I would your store were heere. On Bacon, son, what ye knaues? Yong men must liue, you are Grand lurers, are ye? Wee'll iure ye ifaith.

Heere they rob them, and binde them. Enter the Prince and Poynes.

Prin. The Theeues haue bound the True-men: Now could thou and I rob the Theeues, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a weeke, Laughter for a Moneth, and a good iest for euer.

Poynes. Stand close, I heare them comming.

Enter Theeues againe.

Fal. Come my Masters, let vs share, and then to horse before day; and the Prince and Poynes bee not two arand Cowards, there's no equity stirring. There's no more valour in that Poynes, than in a wilde Ducke.

Prin. Your money.

Poy. Villaines?

As they are sharing, the Prince and Poynes set vpon them. They all run away, leauing the booty behind them.

Prin. Got with much ease. Now merrily to Horse: The Theeues are scattred, and posselt with fear so strongly, that they dare not meet each other: each takes his fellow for an Officer. Away good Ned, *Falstaffe* sweates to death, and Lards the leane earth as he walkes along, wet not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poy. How the Rogue roard.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hotspurre solus, reading a Letter.

But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could bee well contented to be there, in respect of the loue I beare your house.

He could be contented: Why is he not then? in respect of the loue he beares our house. He shewes in this, he loues his owne Barne better then he loues our house. Let me see some more. The purpose you undertake is dangerous. Why that's certaine: 'Tis dangerous to take a Colde, to sleepe, to drinke: but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this Nettle, Danger; we plucke this Flower, Safety. The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the Friends you haue named vncertaine, the Time it selfe vnforted, and your whole Plot too light, for the counterpoize of so great an Opposition. Say you so, say you so: I say vnto you againe, you are a shallow cowardly Hinde, and you Lye. What a lacke-braine is this? I protest, our plot is as good a plot as euer was laid; our Friend true and constant: A good Plotte, good Friends, and full of expectation: An excellent plot, very good Friends. What a Frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, and the generall course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this Rascall, I could braine him with his Ladies Fan. Is there not my Father, my Vnckle, and my Selfe, Lord *Edmund Mortimer*, my Lord of *Yorke*, and *Owen Glendour*? Is there not besides, the *Douglas*? Haue I not all their letters, to meete me in Armes by the ninth of the next Moneth? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a Pagan Rascall is this? An Infidel. Ha, you shall see now in very sincerity of Feare and Coid heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could diuide my selfe, and go to buffets, for mouing such a dish of skind Milk with so honourable an Action. Hang him, let him tell the King we are prepared. I will set forwards to night.

Enter his Lady.

How now Kate, I must leaue you within these two hours.

La. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone? For what offence haue I this fortnight bin A banish'd woman from my *Harries* bed? Tell me (sweet Lord) what is't that takes from thee Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe? Why dost thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth? And start so often when thou sitt'st alone? Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheekes? And giuen my Treasures and my rights of thee, To thicke-ey'd musing, and curst melancholly? In my faint slumbers, I by thee haue watcht, And heard thee murmur tales of Iron Warres: Speake tearmes of manage to thy bounding Steed, Cry courage to the field. And thou hast talk'd Of Sallies, and Retires; Trenches, Tents, Of Palizadoes, Frontiers, Parapets, Of Basiliskes, of Canon, Culuerin, Of Prisoners ranfome, and of Souldiers slaine, And all the current of a heady fight, Thy spirit within thee hath beene so at Warre, And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleepe, That beds of sweate hath stood vpon thy Brow, Like bubbles in a late-disturbed Streame; And in thy face strange motions haue appear'd, Such as we see when men restrain their breath On some great sodaine haist. O what portents are these? Some heauie businesse hath my Lord in hand, And I must know it: else he loues me not.

Hot. What ho: Is *Gilliams* with the Packer gone?

Ser. He is my Lord, an houre agoe.

Hot. Hath *Butler* brought those horses fro the Sheriffe?

Ser. One horse, my Lord, he brought euen now.

Hot. What Horse? A Roane, a crop care, is it not?

Ser. It is my Lord.

Hot. That Roane shall be my Throne. Well, I will backe him straight. *Esperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the Parke.

La. But heare you, my Lord.

Hot. What say'st thou my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse (my Loue) my horse.

La. Out you mad-headed Ape, a Weazell hath not such a deale of Splene, as you are rost with. In sooth I know your businesse *Harry*, that I will. I feare my Brother *Mortimer* doth stirre about his Title, and hath sent for you to line his enterprize. But if you go—

Hot. So farre a foot, I shall be weary, Loue.

La. Come, come, you Paraquito, answer me directly vnto this question, that I shall aske. Indeepe I breake thy little finger *Harry*, if thou wilt not tel me true.

Hot. Away, away you trifier: Loue, I loue thee not,

I care not for thee *Kate*: this is no world To play with Mammets, and to tilt with lips.

We must haue bloodie Noses, and crack'd Crownes,

And passe them currant too. Gods me, my horse.

What say'st thou *Kate*? what wold'st thou haue with me?

La. Do ye not loue me? Do ye not indeed?

Well, do not then. For since you loue me not,

I will not loue my selfe. Do you not loue me?

Nay, tell me if thou speak'st in iest, or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am a horsebacke, I will sweare

I loue thee infinitely. But hearke you *Kate*,

I must not haue you henceforth question me,

Whether I go: nor reason whereabout.

Whether I must, I must: and to conclude,

This Euening must I leaue thee, gentle *Kate*.

I know you wise, but yet no further wise

Then *Harry Percies* wife. Constant you are,

But yet a woman: and for secrecie,

No Lady closer. For I will beleuee

Thou wilt not vter what thou do'st not know,

And so farre wilt I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

La. How so farre?

Hot. Not an inch further. But harke you *Kate*,

Whither I go, thither shall you go too:

To day will I set forth, to morrow you.

Will this content you *Kate*?

La. It must of force.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Prince and Poynes.

Prin. Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, & lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poynes. Where hast bene *Hal*?

Prin. With three or foure Logger-heads, amongst 3. or fourescore Hogsheads. I haue founded the verie base string of humility. Sirra, I am sworn brother to a leashe of Drawers, and can call them by their names, as *Tom Dicke*, and *Francis*. They take it already vpon their confidence, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the King of Curtesie: telling me flatly I am no proud lack like *Falstaffe*, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy; and when I am King of England, I shall command al the good Laddes in East-cheape. They call drinking deepe, dying Scarlet; and when you breach in your wacering, then they